

AMOR  
ET LABOR  
VITAST

Carmina Sacra  
Latine Reddita

A

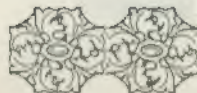
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ET  
AMOR LABOR  
VITAST

JACOBUS CAPORASO, Edidit  
PEN ARGYL. IN. PENNSYLVANIA

*The Very Rev. Bishop Gardiner.*  
*With the compliments of*  
*J. B. Gaborz.*  
*Windsor, Sept. 7.*

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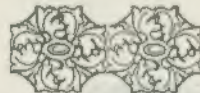


The first, third and fourth of these hymns are Jambic Strophes.

The second, sixth, ninth and tenth are Jambic Dimeters Catalectic.

The fifth, seventh and eighth are Jambic Dimeters Acatalectic.

The Jambus has been kept mostly, but not always, pure.



### ERRATA CORRIGE

On page 9, the word "unus," in the sixth line, should not be repeated.

On page 17, the word "omnia", in the last line of the third verse, ought to read: "omnium."

On the same page 17, the whole first line of the fourth verse, ought to read: "Christum alte canimus hominibus."



HAZEL NOBILISSIMAE UXORI  
ATQUE FILLIS MEIS DULCISSIMIS  
BENNETT, JOSEPHINAE ET BEQUETTE

CARMINA HAEC LATINA

SUMMO AMORE

<sup>N</sup>  
DEDICATUR



Fling out the banner! let it float  
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
 The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
 The cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend  
 In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
 And vainly seek to comprehend  
 The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
 And nations, crowding to be born,  
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
 That sink and perish in the strife,  
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
 And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float  
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
 Our glory, only in the cross;  
 Our only hope, the crucified!

Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
 We conquer only in that sign.

Signum jacite ventis! ad astra id et polum  
 Sublime fluctuet et late;  
 Crucem, sinus quae fulgidos illuminat,  
 Jesus ubi est emortuus.

Signum jacite ventis! verentur id angeli  
 Qui, genibus flectentibus,  
 Intelligere conantur, ast inaniter,  
 Mirum Dei beneficium.

Signum jacite ventis! videbunt ethnici  
 Spectaculum admirabile,  
 Gentesque ad illud confluentes undique  
 Lumine renascentur novo.

Signum jacite ventis! viri improbi  
 Qui pereunt in certamine  
 Tangent fide ejus spendidissima instita,  
 Vitam et perennem sentient.

Signum jacite ventis! ad astra id et polum  
 Sublime fluctuet et late;  
 Nostra una gloria in salutari Crucest,  
 Spes sola in affixo Cruci.

Signum jacite ventis! ad astra id et polum  
 Sublime fulgeat et late;  
 Et vis et ars meritumque sunt propria Dei;  
 Una triumphamus Cruce.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.  
 E'en though it be a cross,  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

THOUGH like a wanderer,  
 Weary and lone,  
 Darkness comes over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

THERE let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

THEN with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Altars I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

OR if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee  
 Nearer to Thee.

Tibi proprius, Deus mi,  
 Proprius adhuc, Deus mi,  
 Extollat etiamsi crux  
 Sublime me ad coelum,  
 Libenter ego cantabo:  
 Tibi proprius, Deus mi,  
 Proprius adhuc, Deus mi.

Etiam si vagus olim sim  
 Solus fatigatusque,  
 Et cum cadat obscurum  
 Saxum mihi cubile,  
 In somniis vel ipsa  
 Ardenter esse vellem  
 Tibi proprius, Deus mi.

Tu da viam apparere  
 Sicut gradus ad coelum;  
 Quodcumque mi Tu mittis  
 Clementer et donari;  
 Fac angelos me annuere;  
 Tibi proprius, Deus mi,  
 Proprius adhuc, Deus mi.

Vividiore tunc mente,  
 Laudeque Tui nitente  
 Duris meis de aerumnis  
 Altitudo aedificabo;  
 Sic per dolores vitae  
 Multos adhuc accedam  
 Tibi proprius, Deus mi.

Vel si volatu alacri  
 Supera convexa penetrem,  
 Luna remota ac sole  
 Sublimiora petens,  
 Sponte etiam canam tunc:  
 Tibi proprius, Deus mi,  
 Proprius adhuc, Deus mi.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I WAS NOT ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to chose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

SO LONG Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angels faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



Caligines densissimae circum premunt;

Lux me benigne duc, precor!

Nox est tenebrosa, a domo quam longe sum:

O Lux, viam monstra mihi.

Tu robora errantem! remota non volo

Cernere; gradus unus unus satis.

Non semper orabam ut amice duceres

Me; perfidus tibi fui.

Legi meam egomet viam; at nunc comiter,

O Lux, meum cursum rege.

Falsum sequebar lumen; interdum metus

Meum opprimebant spiritum,

Superbiaeque obtemperabam maximae:

Praeterita oh ne memineris!...

O Lux adhuc tua vis benigna fuit mihi;

Ducet eadem nunc me etiam

Per stagna, per rupes vorantesque fluvios,

Horrenda dum nox occidat;

Et mane vultus angelorum riserint

Cari, at parumper perdit.



JESUS the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills the breast;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.

NO voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,  
 The Saviour of mankind.

O HOPE of every contrite heart,  
 O joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!

BUT what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but His loved ones know.

JESUS, our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be;  
 In Thee be all our glory now,  
 And through eternity.



Ipsissima memoria Tui, Jesus, replet  
 Dulcedine animum hominis; at  
 Jucundius est longe vultum aspicere  
 Tuum et in Te quiescere.

Vox nulla canere nec animus effingere,  
 Excogitare aut mens valet  
 Jesus sonum jucundiorum nomine,  
 Salutis mirificae hominis.

O vere poenitentibus suprema spes,  
 O mansuetis gaudium,  
 Cadentibus quam propitius es, atque quam  
 Benignus Te petentibus!....

At quid es invenientibus? id ah nec labra  
 Nec littera exprimere valent;  
 Amare Jesum quid sit illi uni sciunt  
 Sincere qui Deum colunt.

Jesu, unicum Tu gaudium sis nostrum, eris  
 Sicut remuneratio  
 Nostrum supremum Tu decus in tempore,  
 Et omne idem per saeculum.





O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
 Whom yet unseen we love!  
 O Name of might and favor,  
 All other names above!  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, o Christ, we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our holy Lord and King.

O BRINGER of salvation,  
 Who wondrously hast wrought,  
 Thyself the revelation  
 Of love beyond our thought;  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, o Christ, we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our gracious Lord and King.

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power divine;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is Thine;  
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
 To Thee, o Christ, we sing;  
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our glorious Lord and King.

Oh, grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration  
 And everlasting love!  
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
 And evermore confess Thee  
 Our Saviour and our King.

Salvator o carissime,  
 Quem diligimus invisum adhuc,  
 Nomen beneficum et praeptens  
 Reliqua supra nomina!

Te Christe colimus nos, Tua  
 Praeconia canimus, simul  
 Et Te fatemur candide  
 Regem et Deum sanctissimum.

Salutem o homini ferens,  
 Et sane mirando modo  
 Retegens amorem quist supra  
 Intelligentiam suam;  
 Te Christe colimus etc.

Favoris imperique Tu  
 Es plenitudo maxima;  
 Decusque supremum atque laus  
 Fili Dei, verest tuum;  
 Te Christe colimus etc.

Tu perface, oramus, Deus,  
 Hoc canticum nostrum pium  
 Cultu perennis gratia,  
 Aeterni amoris et una.

Laudabimus Te in patria  
 Benedicta resonante integra,  
 Semperque nos fatebimur  
 Salutiferum Te principem.



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before!  
 Christ the royal Master  
 Leads against the foe;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See his banners go.

AT THE SIGN of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory!  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise!

LIKE a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.

CROWN and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;  
 Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.

ONWARD, then, ye people!  
 Join our happy throng!  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph sung!  
 Glory, laud, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King;  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.

O milites Christi eja,  
 Certamen ingredimini,  
 Jesu videte crucem  
 Intrepide vos praeuntem!....  
 Rex ducit ipse Dominus  
 Vos Christus in inimicum;  
 Projcite vos in pugnam,  
 Meunt en Ejus signa.  
 Victoriae signo illo

Terma effugit diaboli;  
 O milites Christi agite  
 Accurrite ad triumphum!....  
 Clamore glorioso  
 Et ipsa Tartara tremunt;  
 Fratres, levate voces,  
 Sonore canite carmen!....

Exercitus potens ut  
 Ecclesia Dei graditur;  
 Incedimus, fratres, qua  
 Gressi via sunt sancti;  
 Divisio in nobis non,  
 Unum sumus nos Corpus,  
 Unum spei fideique,  
 Amoris vinclo et unum.

Regum throni evanescent,  
 Imperia pereunt ipsa,  
 Ecclesia autem Jesu  
 Aeterna permanebit;  
 Portae inferorum eadem  
 Non praevallebunt unquam;  
 Promissio est Christi quae  
 Nullo cadere modo quit.

O advenite populi!....  
 Vos jungite hilari turbae!....  
 Fundite canore voces  
 Cum cantico triumphil!....  
 Gloria, honor decusque  
 Regi pio sit Christo;  
 Homines canunt perpetuo  
 Idem hoc et angeli ipsi.

Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With loving zeal;  
 The poor and them that mourn,  
 The faint and overborne,  
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With fervent prayer;  
 The wayward and the lost,  
 By restless passions tossed,  
 Redeemed at countless cost,  
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With one accord;  
 With us the work to share,  
 With us reproach to dare,  
 With us the cross to bear,  
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing!  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With joyful song;  
 The new-born souls, whose days,  
 Reclaimed from error's ways,  
 Inspired with hope and praise  
 To Christ belong.

Christum alte canimus hominibus,  
 Ad Christum Homines adducimus  
 Amore fervidissimo;  
 {Dolentes illos et inopes}  
 Et defatigatos adhuc  
 Culpisque cruciatis nimis,  
 Medetur quos Christus bonus.

Christum alte canimus hominibus,  
 Ad Christum homines adducimus  
 Piis precationibus;  
 Omnes malos et perditos  
 Obnoxios cupidini,  
 Pretio at redemptos maximo  
 Lapsu e ruinoso spel.

Christum alte canimus hominibus,  
 Ad Christum homines adducimus  
 Concordia vocis et animi:  
 Ut participant idem ipsi opus,  
 Ferre audeant ut infamiam,  
 Crucem insuper ut et perferant  
 Christum omnia propter Deum.

Christum omnium propter Deum.  
 Ad Christum homines adducimus  
 Summa hilaritate cantum;  
 Animae renatae quae, antea  
 Errata cum correxerint,  
 Afflantur et amore et fide  
 Fiunt Dei possessio.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,  
 Ye soldiers of the cross!  
 Lift high His royal banner!  
 It must not suffer loss:  
 From victory unto victory  
 His army shall He lead;  
 Till every foe is vanquished,  
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
 The trumpet call obey!  
 Forth to the mighty conflict  
 In this His glorious day!  
 Ye that are men now serve Him  
 Against unnumbered foes!  
 Let courage rise with danger,  
 And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone!  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And watching unto prayer,  
 When duty calls, or danger,  
 Be never wanting there!

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long:  
 This day, the noise of battle;  
 The next, the victor's song.  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

Pro Jesu surgite eja vos  
 O christiani milites!  
 Crucem levate regiam,  
 Quam dedecet damnum pati.  
 Ipse ad triumpha splendida  
 Exercitum ducet suum,  
 Dometur adversarius,  
 Dum et Chrstus imperet adeo.

Pro Jesu surgite eja vos!  
 Tubae vocanti obedite!  
 Ad proelium procedite  
 Hac gloriosa Ejus die.  
 Pro eo merete vos viri  
 Innumerus in adversarium!  
 Periculum augeat animum  
 Et vis resistatur ita vi.

Pro Jesu surgite eja vos!  
 State Ejus unica gratia!  
 Vos deseret quidem caro,  
 Ne fideatis viribus:  
 Induite nunc arma fidei,  
 Usque et precamini Deum;  
 Muneribus aut periculis  
 Adeste vos vocantibus.

Pro Jesu surgite eja vos!  
 Diutina pugna haud erit!  
 Certaminis hodie fragor;  
 At cras triumphi cantica.  
 Domitor illi qui evaserit  
 Vitae corona egregia erit;  
 Cum Rege gloriae simul  
 Regnabit ipse perpetuo.

(N. B. "GRATIA" is the christian theological term  
 for God's power enabling man to do good. It is  
 supernatural "robur".)



I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;

Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee!

I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy reach promises  
In me fulfill.

I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son!

Desidero semper Te,  
Domine benigne valde,  
Vox lenior Tua unquam  
Pacem nequit proferre.

Desidero semper Te,  
Continue oh Te exopto:  
Jesu, fove me nunc: Te,  
Ego, Salvador, adeo.

Desidero semper Te;  
Juxta mane, precor, me;  
Tentationes fugiunt  
Cum Tu potenter ades mi.

Desidero semper Te;  
In gaudio ac dolore:  
Cito veni et morare,  
Vitast secus inanis.

Desidero semper Te;  
Tuum doce me numen,  
Promissa splendida Tua  
Necnon adimple, oro, in me.

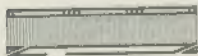
Desidero semper Te,  
Sanctissime omnium Tu:  
Converte me totum Tu:  
Benedicte Fili Jesu!



I am but a stranger here,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand,  
 Heaven is my fatherland,  
 Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 And time's wild wintry blast  
 Soon will be over-past;  
 I shall reach home at last,  
 Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
 Heaven is my home.  
 And I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand;  
 Heaven is my fatherland,  
 Heaven is my home.



Peregrinus in vita hac sum;  
 Domus meast nam coelum;  
 Terra horridum est desertum,  
 Domus meast nam coelum.  
 Pericula et dolores  
 Circum jacent undique me,  
 Coelum meast patria enim,  
 Domus meast nam coelum.

Procella saeviat si,  
 Domus meast nam coelum;  
 Est peregrinatio brevis,  
 Domus meast nam coelum.  
 Et hiemis mox furentis  
 Transierint intemperies;  
 Tandem domum contingam,  
 Domus meast nam coelum.

Lamentor ideo ego non,  
 Domus meast nam coelum;  
 Quaecumque sors terrena,  
 Domus meast nam coelum.  
 Illic ego certe stabo  
 Una Meo Domino cum;  
 Coelum meast patria enim,  
 Domus meast nam coelum.

